

And There was Evening by Luddleston

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Summary:

Hawke's been overworking herself, and Isabela decides to take her mind off it. Her methods are... exactly what one would expect of Isabela. And Hawke's never one to turn down such offers from her lady love.

And There was Evening

Author's Note:

Guys, this is my first ever femslash fic. First. Ever.

HOW IS THAT A THING!?

Anyway, I hope you enjoy, I'm trying extra-hard to write good smut for this ship because there is nowhere near enough and it is my lifeblood.

Hawke sat at her desk, poring over different letters and Templar reports, searching for connections between them and any of her previous knowledge. The desk was covered in scattered papers, half of which were blank, anyway. She shoved Anders' manifesto to the side (how did it get in there *again*?) and re-ordered the piles on the desk. Blank paper to the left, reports straight ahead, other things shoved off to the corner where she could find them later. Her candle was burning down to a wick, and she only paused to replace it when the light got so low, she could no longer read.

Varric had warned her more than once that overworking herself would lead to bad things, and she only partly ignored him. To her credit, when Bodahn came in with a plate of food, she did eat most of it. The leftovers were sitting to her left, a letter from Aveline tucked under the plate. She'd tried to read the letter earlier, but Aveline's handwriting was so tiny, she kept reading the same sentence over and over.

Isabela lounged on Hawke's bed, watching her lover work. Even at a distance, she could see the tension in Hawke's shoulders, the restlessness in her fingers tapping repeatedly on the edge of the desk. She'd been like this all day, trying to keep some grasp of control over a city that was falling to pieces around her.

"Do you ever take breaks?" Isabela's voice cut the silence, and Hawke froze for a moment before sitting up straighter.

"Not today, no," she said, before going back to the papers.

“Hawke. You’ve been looking at the same five letters since lunch; if you haven’t found some new breakthrough already, it’s not going to happen tonight.” Isabela swung her legs over the side of the bed, standing and pacing over to Hawke. She swept Hawke’s hair off the back of her neck with one hand, rubbing at her nape with her thumb. “Come back to it tomorrow, love.”

Hawke frowned more insistently at her messy desk, burying her face in her palms. “I’m almost at a stopping point, Bela, just let me work for a few more minutes...”

Isabela bent forward to wrap her arms around Hawke’s shoulders. “Maybe I could take your mind off it?” she followed up on her offer by pressing her lips against Hawke’s jaw, letting her feel the cool metal of her piercing. Hawke shivered under her.

“Somehow I knew you’d suggest that,” Hawke said, leaning back and messily catching Isabela’s lips with hers. “I’m exhausted, though. Afraid I’m not going to be much for proper company.”

“Ha! As if I’ve ever minded,” Isabela laughed, leaning away and liking the way Hawke craned her neck to follow. “‘Proper company,’ my ass. And speaking of my ass...”

“I do appreciate it,” Hawke said, gasping quietly when Isabela yanked her chair away from the desk. She may have been smaller than her lover, but Isabela had plenty of strength born from years of hauling Maker-knows-what out of Andraste-knows-where back to her ship. Hawke was more precious than any spoils, though, and a good deal heavier than most, so Isabela only pulled her back a few paces. She offered Hawke her hand, liking the almost-shy smile she got as she pulled Hawke to her feet.

Once Hawke stood, Isabela’s illusion of chivalry was somewhat lost. Hawke was one of the tallest women she knew, standing head and shoulders over her, but for as tall and broad-shouldered and strong as she was, Hawke was (as she’d described it to Varric once) *such* a bottom.

“Are you really okay with this?” Hawke asked, although Isabela thought that her kissing Hawke’s neck was indicative enough that she was. “I want you to get as much out of this as I do.”

“Of course, love. I like taking care of you.” Isabela dragged her fingertip over Hawke’s collarbone and down the center of her chest, parting her robe as she went. Hawke’s skin was paler there, where even her lightest armor didn’t allow the sun to touch it. Isabela kissed the distinctive tan line, then moved to her sternum, eyes flicking up to only see Hawke’s jaw as her head tipped back, just a little. She slid the robe further open, thumbs passing over Hawke’s breasts as she felt her lover’s torso, eventually tracing the scar that crossed her abdomen from her battle with the Arishok. She squeezed Hawke’s sides, feeling the thick cords of muscle there contract under her fingers. No matter how many times she did this, she loved to feel Hawke’s body reacting for her.

Hawke’s breathing was shallower now, and she started returning Isabela’s touches bit by bit, curling her fingers in Isabela’s hair and rubbing her shoulders. Isabela tugged the robe down Hawke’s arms, so it only hung by the belt, leaving her bare from the waist up. She bent to kiss Hawke’s hand, in between two ink-stains. “Come to bed with me?” Isabela asked, and Hawke nodded, twining her fingers with Isabela’s and letting herself be guided onto the bed, laying on the edge of it with her legs hanging over the side. Isabela stood in between her legs, slipping her hands under Hawke’s knees and pushing up until Hawke got the message and moved further up on the bed.

Once Hawke was in the middle of the bed, Isabela sat in front of her, undid the sash around her waist, and paused with her fingers on the lacing of her top. Hawke was leaning up on her elbows, watching. “Don’t stop on my account,” she said, and Isabela grinned. She straddled Hawke, put her thumb through the top lace, and tugged slowly. Hawke’s eyes were glued to Isabela’s fingers as they moved, weaving through the laces to loosen them, but not pull them out far enough to take it off. She could feel Hawke start to squirm under her and she reached forward, conscious of the way her breasts spilled out of her shirt, tugging the lacing open further. “Bela,” Hawke whispered, her hands moving to Isabela’s thighs, palms warm.

Isabela reached behind Hawke's head, pulling out the tie that was doing a mediocre job at keeping her hair pulled back. Hawke shook her head, her hair spilling free like a pool of ink. She leaned her head back, dark eyes shuttering closed, and Isabela finally bent down and kissed her. Hawke's lips were warm, like everything else about her, and for as much as Isabela tried to be gentle, she couldn't help but nip them. Hawke's hands tightened on her thighs. Isabela ran one finger along Hawke's jaw and she immediately opened her mouth, letting herself be kissed thoroughly.

When Isabela leaned back, Hawke was breathing hard, and she reached up, tugging at the laces on Isabela's shirt. "No," Isabela said, and that was all it took to send Hawke's hand back down. "I have a proposition," she continued, pulling the first few laces out so the ribbons hung loose. It was a bitch to lace back up, but worth it for the way Hawke's eyes caught on the lacing and followed it down the path of her body. Isabela had always liked watching her lover's pupils widen as she teased herself, and it was something she missed with Hawke, whose eyes were so dark, the black was indistinguishable from brown, but the way Hawke's gaze fixated made up for everything.

"Well, I was hoping you had a proposition, considering how you're... on top of me."

Isabela laughed brightly. "Of course, sweetheart. Want to hear what I'd like to do to you?"

Hawke nodded, sliding her hands up Isabela's thighs until her fingertips pressed under the edges of Isabela's underwear. "Please."

"Move those hands down and I'll tell you."

"Yes," Hawke said, obeying immediately.

"Good," Isabela said, smiling when Hawke did. "Now, here's what I want to do to you tonight," she continued, hands tracing over Hawke's torso as she spoke. "Honestly, I'm surprised we haven't gotten around to testing that stamina of yours. Seeing you working so tirelessly today made me think of it."

“And how do you propose we do that?”

Hawke was teasing now, and as much as Isabela loved it, she simply couldn't stand for her lover being so *coherent* while she was lying half-nude on the bed. She bent down to kiss Hawke's collarbone, toying with her breasts while she did. She could feel Hawke's legs shifting under her while she did, muscles clenching and pushing against her. “I could take you right to the edge,” Isabela said, kissing Hawke and relaxing into her arms, pressing the whole of her body against Hawke's.

She rolled her hips against Hawke's and Hawke responded enthusiastically, tightening her arms around Isabela and nudging one of her legs out so she could spread them wider. It was an obvious invitation, no, practically begging, and Isabela pushed Hawke's arms up above her head and sat up. She sat up on her knees, effectively putting space between them.

“And then,” she continued, “I could just stop.”

Hawke moved her hands to take Isabela in her arms again, but Isabela was faster, gripping her wrists and pressing them above her head. “I don't think you want to do that, sweetie.”

“I think I know what I want,” Hawke said.

“Yes?”

“Just fuck me,” she hissed, but it held the weight of a plea, not an order. “I can't...”

“I think you can,” Isabela said, rubbing her thumb along the pulse point in Hawke's wrist. Hawke shook her head and pushed back against Isabela's grip, not hard enough to actually dislodge her. Isabela knew Hawke could break free if she wanted to, but she didn't. For a moment, she loosened her grip. “Do you want me to?” she asked.

All it took was a nod from Hawke, and Isabela swung one of her legs over Hawke's waist and slipped off the bed, walking to the dresser to sift through the bottom drawer. She'd claimed it as her own, and her collection of things

at Hawke's had grown enough that it took her a few minutes to sift through and find what she was looking for. Hawke was moving on the bed, she could hear it, probably sitting up to get a better look at the way Isabela bent over. When she finally found what she was looking for (a vial of oil that Anders had handed over to her with a frankly appalled glare and a glass cock), Hawke was completely naked.

"Naughty girl," she said, clucking her tongue.

"Yes, I know, so dirty of me," Hawke said, rolling her eyes. She was sitting up, her legs crossed, her chin propped up on one hand and her other between her thighs, ostensibly touching herself.

Hawke barely watched as Isabela dropped the items she'd grabbed on the bed. "Do you plan on doing anything other than staring at my tits?"

"Maybe," Hawke said, but she didn't make good on it. "They look good right now." Isabela could see her hand shifting. It wasn't down low enough that Hawke's fingers could have been inside herself, but Isabela tugged her arm away regardless.

"I meant it when I said I'd take care of you," she said, lacing her fingers with Hawke's slightly damp ones. Hawke's hands had calluses in all the same places Isabela's did, but they were bigger and her bones jutted out differently. Her nails were smaller, barely reaching the tips of her fingers, and Isabela kissed her on the wrist before very deliberately placing Hawke's hand on the bed. "Keep it there," she said.

Hawke leaned back on her elbows, letting Isabela settle on top of her and kiss her neck. She felt one hand on the back of her neck, then her head, as Hawke pulled her hair free of the scarf she'd had in it all day. The necklace came next; Isabela sat back for a moment to undo the clasp and send it slithering to the bedsheets in a pile of clinking gold. Hawke kissed the place it had been. She took off her earrings, remembering the time they'd snagged in her hair and Hawke had almost torn off her earlobe with a particular fondness that only came from awkward sex so far gone she could no longer remember what else they did that night. Hawke removed each one of her rings, kissing her knuckles as she went, revealing places on Isabela's body

that almost no one saw. As soon as Hawke reached her right pinky, Isabela scooped up the tiny pile of jewelry and placed it on the beside table, where no one would roll onto it.

“This too?” Hawke asked, putting her hands on Isabela’s side, deliberately not reaching for the ties of her shirt again.

“Only because you’ve been so good,” Isabela said, and Hawke smiled so honestly, Isabela was overcome with an urge to kiss her. An urge she followed up on, before yanking loose the laces on her shirt and pulling the entire thing over her head. Hawke was on her immediately, with a renewed sense of energy. Isabela found herself flat on the bed with Hawke’s lips on hers, completely immobilized by the larger body over hers. She kissed back, Hawke’s hair tickling her cheek, and slid her thigh between Hawke’s legs. Hawke ground against her, and Isabela enjoyed the scrape and slide of her lover’s body against her for a moment before breaking the kiss, pulling Hawke’s head toward her to press her lips to her ear. “Roll over for me,” she said, and Hawke did, keeping both her eyes and her hands on Isabela, not wanting to break contact with either.

Isabela took Hawke’s hands in hers, directing them over her own body, over her breasts and down her thighs. Hawke’s hands squeezed and stroked as she went, rubbing her thumbs into the hollow of her hips and skirting her fingers along small scars and freckles. Hawke watched the progress of her hands, enraptured. As soon as Isabela pulled Hawke’s hands to reach her knees, Hawke pushed against her grip, moving them up so she could reach between Isabela’s legs. Much as Isabela knew she would have liked it (Hawke’s fingers, *Maker*), she took Hawke’s wrists in her hands and pushed them up above her head. “Ah ah,” she chided, “remember the proposition.”

“You’re still wearing clothes,” Hawke said. Black, tight briefs hardly counted as clothes, but Isabela took them off anyway before kneeling between Hawke’s legs. She loved the sight of this, Hawke’s long body laid out before her, arms thrown above her head, chest expanding with heavy breathing. Isabela kissed Hawke between her breasts, then traced a long stripe up to her collarbone with her tongue, blowing on the trail to cool it. The sudden chill had goosebumps spreading over Hawke’s chest and

Isabela, satisfied, moved down the length of her body until she was head and shoulders between Hawke's thighs.

"Oh, dearest," she sighed, tracing her fingers through the folds of Hawke's vulva, barely brushing her knuckles against her clit. Hawke was wet enough that Isabela could feel it on the outermost parts of her, and a grin split her lips. "Is this all for me?"

Hawke's hands were pressed over her face so tightly her elbows bumped against each other, but she made a noise that sounded like assent. "Hmmm-mmm, I'm a fuckin' mess, Bela," she mumbled, voice muffled by her palms.

"Well. I'm the kind of girl who can appreciate a fucking mess," she replied.

Isabela kissed a scar on the top of Hawke's thigh before parting her with her fingers, making a slick, sticking sound that had Hawke yelping and gasping, "Andraste's ASS, that was weird."

"Always complaining about the sounds," Isabela said, kissing down Hawke's thigh, "might as well make you scream over them."

"It's embarrassing."

And yet, somehow she wasn't embarrassed of the sound her daggers made when they stabbed someone through the heart.

"It's sex, love. Enjoy it, even the embarrassing parts." Isabela flattened her tongue against Hawke's cunt, licking a long stripe that ended at her clit, and Hawke laughed.

"I enjoyed that!"

"Good," Isabela said, dipping her head back down and kissing Hawke once, gently, before licking over her again. One of Hawke's legs curled over Isabela's shoulder, and Isabela stroked the back of her thigh while she worked her over. Hawke's moans were louder, clearer, telling Isabela she'd moved her hands. When Isabela's eyes flicked up, she caught sight of

Hawke teasing her breasts, digging her fingertips in whenever Isabela sucked her clit. She continued with no particular pattern, gauging Hawke's reaction in the twitch of her thighs, the candor of her moans.

"*Fuck*, Isabela," Hawke groaned, digging her heel into Isabela's back, just below her shoulder blade. Hawke's hands skirted around, grasping the sheets, and she pushed herself closer to Isabela's open mouth. Isabela slowed her pace, putting more pressure in her hands on Hawke's thighs and less on her clit. Hawke sucked in a breath between her teeth. "Bela, please, *Maker*, let me come."

Isabela pressed softer and softer kisses against Hawke's body, trailing up her thighs and watching her lover shake uselessly under her. "Shh," she soothed, running her nails over Hawke's hips. "You're so good, Hawke, so good for me. So beautiful. I promise I'll take care of you, I promise I'll let you come, but I want to play with you first." She stretched herself out over Hawke, kissing her and letting her taste herself. Hawke barely responded, but let herself be kissed, pressing shaking hands against Isabela's shoulders.

She shifted against Isabela, getting comfortable, and Isabela enjoyed the feeling of Hawke moving under her. Hawke was gentle, which had surprised Isabela on their first night together, but now she expected the softness in Hawke's touch as she ran her hands over Isabela's neck, burying fingers in her hair. She followed the tan lines from Isabela's jewelry and pressed her thumbs to her cheek, lip moving against the stud just above Isabela's chin.

Isabela sat up, glancing around the bed. "Where did I leave that?" she mumbled to herself, scanning the blankets for her toy. Damn thing was transparent.

"If you fucking lost it," Hawke said, kissing Isabela's chest, "I will. Force you to stay in a room with Anders."

"You would never," Isabela mock-gasped, throwing her arm over her face and pretending to swoon. "I wouldn't survive."

Hawke grinned up at her, her face directly between Isabela's breasts. She looked ridiculous, her hair plastered to her forehead and her eyes black crescents. "Don't test me, Bela."

"Good thing I didn't lose it, then," she said, turning and dislodging Hawke's face. The dildo was somewhere near Hawke's knee, almost glittering in the dying candlelight. It was pretty, for something so crude, Hawke had once said. Isabela told her that was exactly why she bought it.

Hawke settled back on the pillows and Isabela pressed another lingering kiss to the corner of her mouth. "I brought lube, but I'm beginning to doubt I'll need it," she said, sinking one finger inside of Hawke with no resistance.

She replied with a breathy laugh. "I'm surprised you'd just get on with it like that, considering you seem to be dead set on not letting me finish tonight."

"After all I've said to you," Isabela sighed, tossing her hair. She moved her finger in languid strokes, pulling it almost completely out before pressing it back in. Hawke canted her hips down, looking for more pressure, but Isabela moved her fingers in time with Hawke's thrusts, keeping them gentle. She twisted her wrist, rubbing the heel of her hand against Hawke's clit. Hawke pushed her nose against Isabela's shoulder, kissed her neck. Were she more alert, Hawke would have bitten her, sucked a bruise that Isabela would deliberately leave uncovered, but Hawke just pressed against her, her breath fanning out over Isabela's neck.

Isabela's free hand held Hawke close to her, fingers tracing the patterns of scars on her back. She moved her hand faster, and Hawke's fingers gripped in her hair, not pulling, just holding. Isabela felt how *powerful* Hawke was, felt it in the flex of her back and the heavy weight of her thighs over Isabela's own. Isabela loved this, feeling this strength surrendered entirely to her. Hawke shuddered, the way she did when she was about to come, a full-body thing that was accompanied by a long, breathless moan, and Isabela paused, pulled her hand away from Hawke, and watched her.

Hawke's eyes squeezed shut, brow furrowed, and then opened, blinked. Her breathing was ragged, like after a good fight, and when her eyes caught Isabela's, they were furious. She bit Isabela's shoulder once, not hard, as a "fuck you" to leaving her on the edge. Isabela rubbed at the small of her back with one hand, held her hip with the other when Hawke tried to push herself onto Isabela, to knock them over with the force of her desperation. Hawke may have been strong, but Isabela could match her, if she tried.

"How was that?"

"Not. Fucking. Enough," Hawke said through gritted teeth, and Isabela backed up, down the length of the bed, slicking her toy and letting Hawke watch.

"Lie down," Isabela said, and Hawke did, but kept herself propped up on her elbows so she could watch Isabela move. "Do you want me, Hawke?"

"Yes," she said.

"Yes, what?" Isabela said, and Hawke looked at her, the corners of her mouth pulling a little.

"Yes, *captain*."

"Ooh, I was expecting 'yes please,' but I like that, too," Isabela said, a wicked grin on her lips.

The glass was colder than Hawke's skin, and she shivered as it entered her, toes curling at the new sensation. Isabela kissed her stomach, just above her navel, watching her muscles flex as she adjusted to the stretch. Isabela let her, keeping her hand still for a few moments, following the curves of Hawke's ribcage with her lips. When she finally did move, the slide into Hawke was easy and smooth, and Isabela smiled against her skin.

Hawke said something so quietly, it was barely a whimper. "What's that?" Isabela asked, pulling the toy almost all the way out before pressing back in.

“I said I love you,” Hawke repeated.

“I love you, too,” Isabela said, and for a moment, worried that Hawke may not have heard her over the cry she let out when Isabela thumbed her clit.

Hawke’s legs hitched up, bent at the knee and spread as wide as they could be. Isabela loved when Hawke did this for her, knew all of Hawke’s defenses were finally down. She kissed the inside of Hawke’s thigh, trailing up until she reached her clit, flicking her tongue over it. Hawke made a sound that would have been a scream, were it not so ragged and bitten-off.

Isabela loved making Hawke come, not just for the way she looked with her head rolling back, hands tangled in the sheets, back arching. She loved it because of the way Hawke swore herself to her in those moments. It was a constant stream of “fuck, yes, Isabela, I love you, I love you, I’m yours, yours, ah!”

“Look at you, beautiful,” Isabela sighed, kissing her hip and sliding the toy out of her to replace it with her hand, gently coaxing her through the end of her orgasm. “Oh, Hawke. What did I do to deserve this?”

Hawke let out a breathy laugh. “Do you want the answer exactly? Because I’m pretty sure it had something to do with all the sex.”

Isabela sat up on her knees, and Hawke saw fit to pull her forward so she toppled over, barely catching herself on her elbows so she didn’t land flat on top of Hawke. “That was good,” Hawke said, kissing her forehead.

“Oh, just ‘good’?” Isabela asked, and Hawke chuckled.

“It was pretty damn amazing,” she corrected herself, one hand traveling the length of Isabela’s body to squeeze her ass. “Want to roll over, so I can thank you properly?”

“You hardly need to,” Isabela said, and since *when* did she stop demanding reciprocation for sex?

“Want to,” Hawke said, pushing her to the side and reaching down, not wasting her time with anything besides Isabela’s clit. It didn’t take long for her to come, not with how aroused she’d become just watching Hawke. Hawke kissed her while she came, lips on her fluttering pulse and the fingers of her free hand skirting along her ribcage, feeling it expand with each of Isabela’s shallow breaths.

Isabela said nothing but, “Oh, *Hawke*,” but she hugged Hawke close to her afterward and kissed her, nudging her sweaty hair away from her forehead. “Relaxed now?”

Hawke fell onto her, pillowing her head on Isabela’s chest. “Yes,” she groaned, as Isabela continued running her hands through her hair, the longer nails on her third and fourth fingers scraping at the nape of Hawke’s neck. Hawke was beautiful in the afterglow, thick eyelids heavy and sparse lashes fluttering against her sharp cheeks. It often made Isabela want to take her all over again, a wish she acted upon at times, but tonight, she simply lay with Hawke, holding her as their breathing evened and their skin cooled. The candles on the desk were burnt to wicks, a few already flickering out, and Isabela left the rest of them to burn down.

Author's Note:

If you guys want to visit me on tumblr, it's ellieannes (or seldula if you want my NSFW blog... seeing as this is smut.)

I also have a twitter about writing/reading fanfiction! Check it out @ficprobs